The Last Conservative.

"Without Pride or Prejudice." E.&O.E. (Errors and omissions excepted) as the English accountants use at the bottom of their invoices.

I cannot vouch for the absolute accuracy of this story, as I was not present when the various actions took place, so shall just give it to you as I heard it, and you may believe as much as you see fit.

During the occupancy of Attu or Kiska, the Aleutians by the Joint American Canadian expedition, one member of a Canadian battalion appeared to stand out above all his companions, invariably returning with a Jap head.

Being desirous of increasing the harvest and, no doubt, having glorious visions of, at least, a Victoria Cross or D.S.O. for himself, his colonel paraded the hero and asked him the secret of his success.

The hero proudly replied "You know, Colonel, when I get out there, after crawling around in the brush until the moon seems to be in the right quarter, I jump up and, yell, - To hell with Tojo - Of course a Jap pops up, and "Swish". I cut off his head.

Overjoyed at learning the solution of the problem, his glorious visions becoming more golden, the Colonel paraded the whole battalion, and gave each and everyone careful and meticulous instructions as to his or her future proceedings.

All went well. The whole battalion returned, each and everyone returned with a Jap head - with one noticable exception - the hero was minus the usual head.

The curious Colonel again paraded the still proud hero.

This was his alibi - "I went out as usual, and the moon, as usual, being in the right quarter, jumped up and, as usual, yelled "To hell with Tojo", the Jap popped

up, assault, and Sir — No, no scratch. Before I could swipe, he came right back at me - "To hell with MacKenzie King." You know, Colonel, I couldn't kill a good Conservative.

I noted, with some surprise, that the Canadians had all been withdrawn from the Aleutian area.

Could it be that our American concern, jealous of the reputation established by our valiant Canadians, have brought sufficient pressure to bear on Washington, as to have them retired, until they could regain their own high batting average?

F. J. M.

Used in "Folklore Quarterly"

MINNESTŌKŌS MEKOPŌTŌKON

Stōkōs, as he was familiarly known, was quite a character. At the time of my arrival at Fort Macleod July, 1880, practically all the Bloods were camped on or near the island on which were located the police barracks and small village. Later, the same summer or fall, the site of the agency on the reserve between the Belly, and St. Marys was selected and the Indians were located around or near it.

Minnestōkōs, meaning Father of Many Children, was then a very old man, practically blind, with one squaw nearly as old and helpless as himself and one daughter, Susy, married to a deserter from the American army named Anson Ely, from whom he did not receive much assistance. He was a very big man, so much so that they had not a blue minor chief's coat large enough for him so had to make one for him from a blue blanket. Because of these conditions he and his squaw were not moved to the reserve with the rest of the Bloods but were settled in a small house and furnished with rations there.

Shortly before I arrived Colonel Macleod's son, Norman, now in Winnipeg, was born, either on New Year's Eve or New Year's Day.

On learning of the happy event Minnestokos appeared and congratulated the happy parents. He adopted Norman as his son giving him the name Minnestōkōs.

After my arrival I spent most of my time around my father's office watching the Indians receiving their treaty money. My father was then Indian agent, the first under Treaty Seven embracing the Blackfoot,

Blood, Peigan, Sarcee and Stoney tribes. One day Stōkōs noticed me and asked the interpreter, Oliver, who I was. On being informed he called me over and adopted me as his second son giving me his war name, Mekopōtōkon, Bad Head.

I was not aware of the importance attached to this name by the Indians until visiting the reserve shortly before the arrival of the Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales, who was to be adopted into the Bloods. We were told by the interpreter, Joe Healy, that the name selected by the Indians was Bad Head. There was some mention of a mythical character, Golden Feathers, but as this was known only to a few of the oldest it received little support.

However, having learned from reliable sources of the consistent support to the Mounted Police during the negotiations leading up to Treaty Seven rendered by Mecasto, Red Crow, Head Chief of the Bloods, I suggested his name, which was accepted and later used at the ceremony at Lethbridge.

I believe P. T. Barnum was the originator of the following statement: "You can fool some of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time." I think he must have imparted this truth to Stōkōs.

Shortly after the arrival of the Rev. John McLean, the first resident Methodist minister at Macleod, he tried to get in touch with the natives by gathering them together in a small building erected as a community church. Here he would tell them stories, principally from the Bible, naturally selecting those from which would be drawn illustrations particularly advantageous to his own views. This was

in the winter so Stokos and the wife were always present as there was a comfortable fire. Gladstone, the Police interpreter or Oliver of the Indian Department was always on hand.

Two occurrences will always remain in my mind. On the first the parson took the story of Daniel in the lions den -- dwelt at some length on how the lions could not harm Daniel because the Lord was with him. Stōkōs gave careful attention to the story and after a few grunts replied: "I was over in the Judith Basin once and some mountain lions attacked me. I had nothing but a Hudson's Bay dag, (a short broad double edged knife,) but I got away with them and there was no Lord there to help me. No, Daniel was not much of a chief."

The second was on the coming of the Mounted Police, emphasizing how thankful the Indians should be to the Police for driving out the bold, bad whiskey traders. Stōkōs' reply was short and to the point: "Yes. Before the police came there was lots of whiskey and lots of buffalo; now the buffalo are all gone and the police drink all the whiskey."

One bright morning after a heavy snowfall, Stōkōs was seen to come out of the shack probably to give the missus a chance to get the fire going and breakfast under way. He was seen to walk around the woodpile, which appeared to have shrunken in size, and noticing tracks in the fresh snow leading away he proceeded to follow them till they led him to the door of a shack about one hundred yards from his home. After examining it in his short-sighted way, he shook his head as if in doubt and started back to his own house carefully keeping off the trail he had followed so as not to obliterate the tracks. After reaching the woodpile he started out again in the old track, going very slowly and carefully so as to make no mistake. As was to be

expected he, in due course, reached the door to which he had previously been led, the home of his ungrateful son-in-law, Ely, and daughter, Susy. After assuring himself there could be no mistake, he retraced his steps to his own home sorrowfully shaking his head as if in disgust at the ungrateful pair who had so degenerated as to prey on their helpless parents.

I later found it rather hard to sustain the reputation of favorite son. I had started work in the I. G. Baker & Co. store and every day about ten or eleven o'clock the pair would appear and he would be left in my care while the wife would take care of her shopping and other social duties. The first chore was to get him comfortably settled with his pipe going. We always kept a supply of cocsin, a weed used by the Indians when dried and powdered and usually mixed with tobacco. We always kept a large red stone pipe with a stem two feet long. At that time the only matches in use were the old sulphur matches and one day I inadvertently applied the match to the pipe before the sulphur had burnt off, which brought on an outcry from Stōkōs. After that he used to hold my hand with the burning match near his eyes till all the sulphur had disappeared. This only resulted in my having a fresh match in my other hand ready to apply with the burning one, which always brought on a stern lecture for my unfilial conduct.

Well, peace be to his ashes, We always parted good friends. He was more of a chief than Daniel and more than I at first gave him credit for.

Norman T. Macleod

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Nosey Ford and Nosey Smith

Which was Which?. I don't know, nor ever did, although they were certainly different both in physical appearance and character, the one being a small chap with a long, thin nose and reputed to be quite a badman, while the other was big and lucky, fond of practical jokes, and inclined to imbibe rather frequently.

Both spent all their spare time in trying to supply the necessary fluids to quench the thirst of the citizens of Lethbridge and surrounding district by ~~means~~ way of certain concoctions imported from adjacent Montana and, owing to fear of the ever vigilant police, of necessity, delivered during the protecting shades of the night.

As the small mans story is the shorter, we will call him Ford, and get him out of the way.

The only incident of any importance I can remember in which he was involved, was once when he did not show up during the night. His expectant customer, on going out in the morning to try and locate him, found him in the bottom of a washout coulee within the city limits, his wagon overturned, the team standing quietly Nosey and his collection of kegs under the upset wagon where had been trapped, and where he had lain, afraid to make any outcry because of the police.

Mr temporarily named Smith, as noted, was quite a different character.

Oliver Burge at that time ran a saloon called the Black Diamond, located on second avenue near the corner of third street, where everyone could enjoy a quiet game of cards with ~~with~~ the accompanying welcome glass of "spiritual" refreshment.

In order to add tone to the establishment, Oliver turned it into a club, the price of admission being fifty cents, the cost of a key to the front door, with every member was supplied.

One evening, while a number of us were enjoying a quiet game, Nosey appeared with a comfortable skinful, and ~~made~~ made himself so obnoxious that Oliver literally had to close up the game. I strolled up town and, after a while started home,

located on the corner of first avenue and fourth street. As I was turning the corner of fourth street I noticed the lights shining out of the door of the Black Diamond farther on down the avenue so walked on to see if any of my friends had returned.

When I arrived I found Oliver sitting in the middle of the room, out of breath, his shoes off and a gun lying on the floor near him.

He was a tall ungainly man, not stout, with big feet and with a large bunion on each foot.

On the opposite side of the street the ground fell sharply, with a carpenter shop about halfway down the hill.

I asked Oliver what had happened to him, and he said "I was standing at the open door enjoying a breath of fresh air before going to bed when that d-d Posey appeared. Thinking to throw a scare into him I pulled my gun on him. He wheeled and bolted across the street and down the bank with me hot on his tail. He turne down the coulee after passing the carpenter shop and, as I rounded the turn I stepped on an empty can and fell knocking the breath out of myself and the gun out of my hand.

When I recovered I found the grinning Posey with my gun stuck in my face. He cheerfully announced to me. "Now, you long gangling Son of a-B- You run, I did. I scrambled upstairs up the hill as fast as I could, across the street and through the door, never knowing what the crazy d-d fool might do.

He chased me through the door, threw the gun after me and, after giving me the merry "Ha Ha", retired.

Boeing Oliver's account of the Appleton affair. Mem. made 1911

10 pp
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POLICE TROUBLES ON THE OLD ISLAND at Fort Macleod

By Norman Y. Macleod

I arrived at Macleod on July 20, 1880 and started with the I. G. Baker & Co. firm on November 1st, in the store on the Old Island.

Having faithfully labored in this onerous position at $25.00 per month, and acquired a pair of chaps, silver mounted spurs and spade bridle bit, as well as a very necessary .44 caliber Colts, I decided to risk my valuable (to me) life and future among the wild and wooly denizens of old Spitzie (Pincher Creek).

I engaged with Stewart & Christie -- later the Stewart Ranching Company -- who had driven in a bunch of horses and cattle from Montana late in the fall of 1881, and started work in the early spring of 1882, I remained there until the end of August.

Having satisfied my fictitious lust for blood and broncho riding -- in addition to being strenuously persuaded by my uncle, Col. Macleod -- I resigned and returned to my old, reliable job behind the counter.

I reached Macleod on September 1st and desiring the chance to recuperate from the effects of my strenuous six months at my "H-o-o-o-me! Ho-o-o-me! on the Ra-a-n-ge", decided to enjoy a well deserved two weeks' holiday.

I found that C. E. D. Wood and E. T. Saunders had started publication of a small paper, so donated my valuable services to them by painting a beautiful sign -- MACLEOD GAZETTE - which I proudly nailed over the door of the press room, the same being the leanto kitchen at the rear of the erstwhile residence of Capt. Winder. I also assisted

them in pushing the two-by-four press.

Having exhausted my energies in these strenuous endeavors, I, at the end of the week, again retired to another well earned rest behind the counter.

Saunders was the practical printer, while Wood, with some assistance from Fred Haultain - who arrived later - attended to the onerous (if not so important) duties of procuring the necessary funds and picking up the occasional news item.

As the volume of work increased it became necessary to bring in a second printer, so one was secured from Winnipeg.

Not long after this, Fred Pace, becoming slightly satiated with the increasing brilliancy of the island Broadway's lights, and desirous of seeking wider horizons for his varied proclivities, sold out to "Aunty", and transferred his social and sociable endeavors to Stand Off.

Aunty was what is known in polite society as a "cullud lady", and was transferred from the position of stewardess on one of the many Missouri River stern wheelers to that of nurse to the gruadually increasing number of Macleod children. She was a good and faithful nurse, too.

She is supposed to be the originator of the statement: "Me and Mrs. So and So is the fust two white ladies what evah come to dis country."

This is slightly spoiled by the same story being attributed to "Nigger Annie" of Fort Walsh and another lady of the same name and color, who operated next door to the new brick store of the I. G. Baker & Co. at Benton, Montana.

I mentioned about Fred Pace having transferred his activities to Stand Off. He opened a small store there, his sights being trained on the poor innocent Bloods.

His commodities consisted of the usual run of blankets, trade cloth (blue and red), painted calico and groceries -- the last strongly laced with "Tom Todd's Benton forty rod".

This kept up for a time until the police finally caught up with the festive Fred, bringing in a stooge nicknamed "Joe Bush" for the purpose. Bush appeared in court and gave evidence at the subsequent trial, at which Fred was heavily fined.

To soothe his wounded feelings, he wrote a letter to the Gazette, in which he denounced the police and Capt. Cotton -- then in charge at Macleod -- calling the latter a "North American Chinaman".

This was a term of endearment used in the west by our more highly educated and cultured "Ham-erican" cousins, and applied by them to all who were so unfortunate as to be located north of the 49th parallel, or, in fact, common Canadians.

As a result of the publication of this letter, Capt. Cotton brought suit against the Gazette and Pace for Criminal Libel, claiming his reputation had been injured, and demanding cash damages.

The defense brought in a clever lawyer named Bleeker, who had just arrived at Calgary, and the trial was held before the Stipendiary Magistrate in the little log building constructed to serve the spiritual needs of the natives as a church.

The prosecution foolishly tried to prove ownership of the Gazette by calling the new printer, before mentioned.

They stated this when laying out their case before any witnesses were called. Bleeker at once passed the word, and the printer was hustled away to John Smith's place at Slide Out on the Belly River, where he remained in hiding until the case was finished.

Both Wood and Saunders stated after the trial that, had they been questioned by either the presiding Magistrate or the Prosecution, they would have freely acknowledged ownership, though I doubt Bleeker would have consented to this.

There was no excitement during the taking of the evidence, other than a pronounced hissing when the informer, Bush, appeared.

However, when Bleeker started summing up for the defense, the fur commenced to fly.

He read Lace's letter in full, carefully emphasizing the words "Johnny Cotton" and "North American Chinaman".

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Poor Cotton could stand it no longer. Throwing up his hands he called out, "Colonel, for God's sake make that man stop!"

Well, the Colonel, who was trying vainly to control his snickers behind his hand and handkerchief, had apparently no authority to stop

"that man", so the case continued to its close without any more fireworks.

Of course the case was thrown out in so far as the Gazette was concerned.

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Then the fun started. First ~~they~~ the crowd started to hang "Joe Bush", which they did to a lone tree behind Komoose's place, and were proceeding to burn him when a tall policeman appeared on the scene, cut down the "corpse" and dragged it to the barracks, with practically the whole populace at his heels, hooting and yelling until he disappeared within the barracks gate, which promptly closed behind him.

He appeared to have enjoyed the fun as much as any of the crowd, for which I understand, he was severely censured by his commanding officer.

You should have seen and heard the sounds at the banquet at Komoose's that night.

The crowd filled the front room, known as the ram pasture, the dining room, kitchen, which overflowed, half filling the corral.

Free grub, free whiskey, everything free, and not a single policeman appeared to mar the harmony of the celebration.

"Them was the days!"

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RED CROW'S ONE MISTAKE

In my comparatively long and close acquaintance with Red Crow the only glaring error I can think of was his selection of the first site of the Blood Agency in the Belly Buttes. I accompanied my father in 1882 when this choice was made, much against his opinion. The party left the old island at Macleod one morning and arrived at the high banks of the Kootenay late the same evening making camp on the high ground to avoid the mosquitoes, which we feared might be bad on the low ground along the river. So far as my memory now serves me the party consisted of Father Lacombe, Jerry Potts, Fred Pope, Red Crow, my father, then Indian Agent, and myself. Shortly after daylight the following morning, Jerry appeared at out tent and calling my father out, said Red Crow wished to speak to him. Curious as usual, I followed to where he was sitting at the edge of the high bank opposite the Belly Buttes. As interpreted by Jerry, this is what he said - "That is where I wish to live the rest of my life and to die there." After breakfast we hooked up and drove across to Red Crow's choice of sire. By this time the weather had changed to a steady drizzle, and with the gumbo foundation the disadvantages were clearly apparent and pointed out to him, but with the same reply as before given. So the matter had to rest with his opinion. I believe the new site known as the Lower Agency was chosen in 1885 and continued till the change to the present location near Cardston.

While I probably should not mention it, as both men from whom I secured the information have since passed on, they agreed

that Red Crow had given much more consistent support to the Police in the negotiations leading up to the Treaty of 1877 than any other chief, even the renowned Crowfoot, chief of the southern branch of the Blackfoot Confederacy. I speak advisedly when I thus term him, as there was a very much older man, Old Sun, known as the chief of the north Blackfoot. On referring to Charlie Haydon's Riders of the Plains I learn that there is a third division known as the Middle Blackfoot with a chief named Three Bulls.

I now come to our falling out in Lethbridge in 1[illegible], my first year with the Hudson's Bay Company. He was in no sense responsible for this, and did everything possible to recover the stolen articles. We had built shelves under the cupboards on the dry-goods side and stored our thread there. After the rush, Mr. Henson our dry goods man, went to refill the drawers in which the thread was displayed and there was not a single spool left. Remembering that Red Crow's two squaws and their numerous offsprings had occupied the space behind the counter adjacent to where the thread had been stored, I got a saddle horse and started for the Reserve, catching up with the party on Captain Jack's Bottom before they entered the river. With the help of a young boy who spoke fair English, I told Red Crow what I was after, and you should have heard him abuse me, comparing my conduct with that of my uncle, Colonel Macleod, and my father, not much to my advantage as you may imagine. He called all the women back and made them empty all their stuff out. All we found was about a dozen spools of different sized thread. My young interpreter pointed out a large party just disappearing

over the hills a couple of miles away on the Reserve, who had collared the bulk of the thread, so I returned disconsolately to Lethbridge. As there were no boxes with our cost mark on there was no way of identifying the stolen articles, We had to grin and swallow our loss. What it amounted to I have no way of knowing, as there were many gross of thread of all kinds. The only way of preventing a recurrence was to prevent any Indian going behind the counters. As we had always allowed them to do this at Macleod it seemed to particularly get under their skins. Thus ended the saga of the Stolen Thread and Red Crow's Friendship.

Norman T. Macleod

THE RETURN OF THE BLACKFEET.

Shortly after the treaty of 1877 with the great Blackfoot Confereracy, the buffalo left for the south, never again -with few minor exceptions - to shew up on this side of the International Boundary.

A great number of the Blackfeet followed them, as the buffalo had been their only source of food supply, and they had not yet acquired sufficient confidence in the promises of the lately arrived authorities to feel perfectly safe.

They passed through Fort Macleod on their return either in 1881 or 1882 and did not appear to have suffered particularly from lack of food.

Two individuals I distinctly remember. The first as a young Blackfoot. He was probably about seventeen years old, and had been shot through the thigh. On fine days they used to carry him up to the store and leave him there. The wound was in horrible shape, a mass of pus and gangrene, so much so, that, in passing, one had to keep well to the windward.

The second, L'Heureux, was an interesting (if not pleasing) specimen. He was commonly known as "Father L'Heureux" , though I have no reason to believe he ever was a genuine priest, shewing none of the characteristics of one and, after his return, being always a trouble maker. He signed the treaty "Jean L'Heureux", as a witness only- I think- as he was not the official interpreter, whose name I have forgotten. I believe he was a half breed, as he looked it and spoke Blackfoot fluently.

A few years later Jim Dunlap, a fine big, quiet spoken chap, was foreman of the Cochrane Ranch, located between the Belly and Kootenay rivers. Later the land was sold to the Mormon Church. Casus, the celebrated roper and, who later worked for the Strong Ranch, brought the drive down from Ghost River, west of Calgary, to the new location.

Dunlap must have been quite a man in his day. He later met with an accident resulting in his death. Returning to the ranch one night the buckboard was overturned crossing what was then known as Black Spring about half way between Macleod and Stand Off. Then found next day his feet were foun to be badly frozen. He was brought to Macleod, but gangrene set in and he died.

While gangrene seems to be a common result of frost bite in the east, this is the first case I ever learned of in the west.

I knew of two cases just the reverse. one of which I had personal knowledge. The first happened long before I arrived. A man named Jack O'Neil broke through the ice on Milk River and had both feet frozen. He was brought to Whoop Up where D. W. Davis filed notches on a case knife and cut off all the toes on both feet. After my arrival Jack was driving team at Macleod for some years and, aside from a shuffle in walking, appeared to have sufferred no ill effects.

The second, a man whose name I cannot now recall, but who went by the name of Stumpy, had both feet badly frozen in the Milk River Ridge. He, too, was brought to Macleod, where both feet were taken off at the instep by Teddy Warren, then Hospital Sergeant, without, I believe, the benefits of any anaesthetic or other modern appliances.

I saw the same man the following year when he was on his way through with a bunch of horses from the Flat Head country. He was camped on the river a short distance below the present site of the hospital. I watched him for some time one morning. After washing the breakfast things and tidying up around the camp, he saddled his horse, which was pickeded nearby, mounted and rode away. He used a stick while hobbling around the camp, which he tied to the saddle after mounting. Instead of stirrups he had round leather buckets, into which he pushed the stumps of feet. Probably this is how he got the name, Stumpy.

But to get back to Jim Dunlap. When in town he always slept at the store on the floor of the office, next door to which was my room.

Although he may have carried the usual 44 colt belt gun while on the range, the only weapons I ever saw him with were two 41 calliber double action colts. Before going out in the morning he wrapped each in a silk hankerchief up to the trigger guard and plaed each carefully in a hip pocket. He must have been on his guard against some particular person, as at least on three occasions, instead of going to bed when I did, he waited till the lights were out, then dragged his blankets out of the office, warning me that, if I had to move around in the night, to give him a call.

During our chats in the evenings he told me of some of the incidents in connection with the Black feet in Montana.

He was working for (I think Granville Stewart), who, later, cleaned up the Judith Basin country of the hordes of cattle thieves and rustlers who infested it, and who, by the way, had the notorious "Flopping Bill" working for him.

A word about this man might not come amiss. The only time I ever saw him was in 1885 while working for the Strong Ranch. I had gone in from Kipp with the wagon for a load of grub. There was a good deal of excitement about the town and around the barracks, as Bill had rounded up a bunch of horses on the Blood reserve, which, he claimed carried Montana brands, and was trying to get away with them.

Fortunately the police were on the job and, with the assistance of Jack Lee and Frank Shanks, and other old timers, who knew the festive Bill and who gave evidence against him at the trial, he left empty handed. He was a big truculent individual, the ideal "bad man" and wore a short colt 45, low hung at his right side. The only damage I know of his doing was to induce a young chap, Stephen Yarwood by name, to buy his discharge from the Police and accompany him. So far as I could learn, Yarwood was never heard of after.

Dunlap told by how they would deal with the indians. On hearing of a band approaching their range a posse would meet them and warn them against committing any deperdations. After the band passed they would follow them up and, if no signs found, would wait for the next. If, however, they found any signs of cattle killing, they would follow to the next camp and ride through, shooting into the lodges, or at anything moving. This, I presume, is how the buy, mentioned above, came to be hurt.

Jim also told of a comical incident in connection with our mutual friend, L'Heureux. He thought he was with the last band of indians to pass through.

Early one morning they came across a small band camped on the south side of a river. As soon as they arrived the indians commenced striking their teepees and lit out hurriedly across the river, while the posse sat quietly on their horses watching them. L'Heureux, who up to this time had not been seen, suddenly appeared and, plucking a small Union Jack from under his blanket and raising it over his head, loudly declared "I place myself under the protection of the British flag". One of the posse made a run at him, when the inglorious braggart, forgetting all about his glamorous "Britannic" ancestry, dropped the flag and splashed across the river to seek refuge among his more congenial friends.

Scene

Mr R.E. Harris Little Theatre, Banff.

Characters

P.L. Naismith. Very fond of exposing anyones weakness in public

George Hatch. Mayor of Lethbridge who brought in first sheep to come to Montana from California and quite an authority on horses

Willer Kras Old time rancher who is fond of a drink and who, when slightly inebriated waves his outspread hands with fingers outspread somewhat before his face.

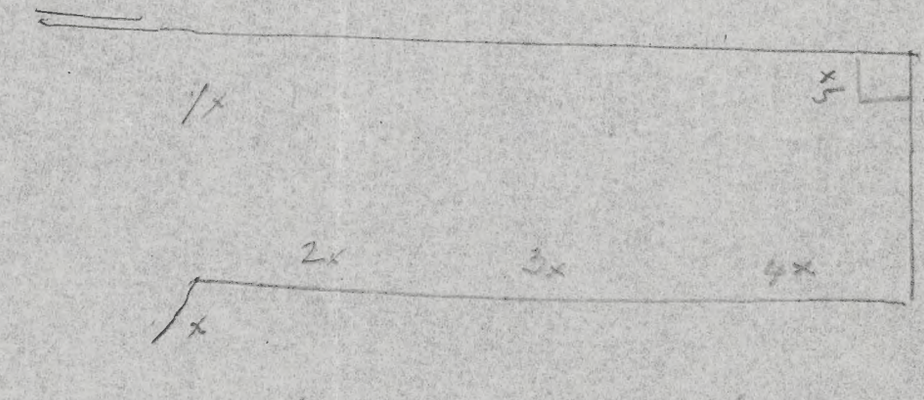
J O Wilson Mounted police officer, very dignified and touchy. Commonly called Joe Bass

The Waiter

(With apologies to Bob Edwards and the Eye Opener.

Stage Plans. Verandah of Chinook Club Now city Office

1 P.L. Naismith
2 Geo Hatch
3 Geo Kras
4 J O Wilson
5 N.P. Macleod sitting on floor of verandah



A good deal of discussion has been expressed as to whether Dick Bradshaw, who had brought an expensive short stallion could realize enough from stud fees to justify purchase. George Hatch has explained

how we the case of an offensive English thorough had brought it out. To the United States the seeds had been extracted, split up and mailed and sown at three doses from one charge.

Wilson "Why you see the same thing in plant life, you know I have been very successful with cucumbers. All you have to do is to put the male and female blossoms together and—

George Rees (covering his head with both hands before his eyes) "Well Jemmy! I've known you for a long time. I used to think a good deal of you. I never thought you'd get down low enough to go peeping for cucumbers"

Jemmy grabbed his forage cap and scrambled up the bank and bolted for the barracks hopping over the hedge, which did not make his wounded leg any better.

Walter Rees had gone to Jesse for a shipment of cattle, but could not make shipment need returned with about fifteen Jemmys (the female of the jacks) which we can cheap, as the rebellion is a comparatively

Naismith "Walter, George and I have not yet had a chance to get a look at those Jemmys."

Walter "They're half way to the ranch by this time"

Naismith "Well, we'd like to get a look at them. Do you mind if we go down and see them?"

Wells" no Peter. Them Jennys is not known and I endeavor to keep them that way. I don't want either you or George near the wreck"

Peter Iles went away from here.

This is the story I asked Pete Jensen to give, as he wrote me he has no record of the Wilson Rees story sent copy to you,

N. J. M.

P.S. I wonder if you could have time to let me have typewritten copy of this

JM